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Enclosure with despatch no 8

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1885

FOURTH OF JULY

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HONOLULU, H. I.

Compiled from

  
The Saturday Press.



4 July 1885



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OBSERVANCE

-OF-

FOURTH OF JULY, 1885,

-IN-

HONOLULU, OAHU, H. I.

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*Compiled from the "Saturday Press."*  
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HONOLULU:

PRESS PUBLISHING CO., PRINTERS.

1885.

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1885





# COMMITTEES.



## Salutes and Bells.

J. M. OAT, JR.,      J. W. MCGUIRE,      S. M. CARTER,      W. H. ALDRICH.

## Antiques and Horribles.

H. F. HEBBARD,      C. K. MILLER,      G. C. STRATEMEYER,      J. L. TORBERT.

## Literary Exercises.

S. B. DOLE,      M. M. SCOTT,      DR. J. S. MCGREW,      DR. N. B. EMERSON.

## Decorations, in Town and Hall.

G. C. STRATEMEYER,      C. E. WILLIAMS,      W. UNGER,      C. K. MILLER.

## Music.

J. H. PATY,      C. M. COCKE,      J. W. YARNLEY,      W. W. HALL.

## Refreshments.

P. C. JONES,      B. F. DILLINGHAM,      W. H. GRAHAM,      F. N. ECKLEY.

## Printing.

J. E. WISEMAN,      F. L. CLARKE,      R. S. SMITH,      F. GODFREY.

## Ball.

F. P. HASTINGS,      L. C. ABLES,      H. GUNN,  
W. UNGER,      HENRY MCGREW,      J. E. WISEMAN.

## Finance,

H. M. WHITNEY,      R. W. LAINE,      JOS. HYMAN,  
C. H. ELDRIDGE,      J. E. WISEMAN.

## "THE OLD FLAG."

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Wanderers we, afar from home.  
We cannot see the stately dome  
Of Freedom's Capital, afar.  
Yet, through the clouds that rift ajar,  
Where Freedom's sun is streaming through,  
Floats the "red, white and blue."

O symbol of the truth ! the story  
Of Freedom's shame, of Freedom's glory,  
Is writ upon thy starry field

As though it were a printed page :  
We see the war bird grasp his shield ;  
We quiver with the soldier's rage ;  
And, in the hush of fields that sleep,  
We feel the rain of mercy weep.

First flag of empire, consecrate  
By flame and blood, by love and hate,  
Unto this truth : "*Man* makes the state !"   
Beneath thy folds a million kings,

By labor throned, by virtue crowned,  
Are gathered where the anvil rings  
Are gathered where the halls resound :  
Kings with their fellows—kings because  
God aided man to frame the laws  
That make their toil-won kingship free,  
From sea to sea.

Honolulu, H. I.

R. S. SMITH.

# "THE DAY WE CELEBRATED."

## HOW WE DID IT.

### THE BALL.

The Press made no mistake in assuring its readers that "the glorious fourth would be gloriously celebrated." The observance of the day fully justified the forecast. On the 3rd, Messrs. George Stratemeyer and William Unger, with capable assistants, were busy decorating Musical Hall. The result of their labors was a decorative triumph. From the center of the ceiling hung a mass of greenery, divided into four heavy festoons, drawn to the four corners of the ceiling. The flags were arranged with excellent taste. Over the middle of the dancing floor, from the center of the proscenium arch, hung a large American flag, at its right the Russian, at its left the Chilian flag. On the royal box were draped the Hawaiian and the Japanese colors; on the box opposite the German, the Hawaiian and the United States flags. Behind the proscenium hung a large French flag. The union jack, stars and stripes, various signal flags and greenery decorated the balcony. Minister-Resident Merrill and Mrs. Merrill, assisted by Vice-Consul Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, acted as host and hostess. The two couples led in the grand march and formed a set in the opening quadrille. The music was stationed in the gallery. That it was played with taste, feeling and dance-provoking spirit, goes without saying—for was not our own incomparable Berger its inspiritor? There were present King Kalakaua, Queen Kapiolani, Princess Liliu-

okalani, Governor Dominis, Ministers Gibson and Neumann, Collector Iaukea, Rev. and Mrs. George Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Dole, Mrs. George Castle, Mrs. James Castle, Mr. Henry Castle, Miss Castle, Dr. Henri McGrew, Marshal and Mrs. Soper, Captain and Mrs. Fuller, Captain and Mrs. Nelson, Captain and Mrs. Hayley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hoffnung, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Levey, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Levey, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cartwright, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyons, Miss Louisson, Miss Donald, Miss Maud Kelley, the Misses Judd and many others.

### THE NIGHT AND THE MORN.

The ball broke up about 1 A. M., when the writer—a willful laggard with a valid excuse—reached Musical Hall. It was at once the cave of Terpsichore and the hall of Hebe—deserted; that is, deserted save by the dread King of All the Hawaiis, who still sat musing in the royal box. When the writer reached the gate of his home, about 2 A. M., he was accosted by a lad of 12 or 13—the son of an American-Hawaiian mother and a Hawaiian-American father. He asked the lad what did he there at that unseemly hour, and for reply was told that soon would join the watcher other lads, and that together they should scour the streets and celebrate. The writer's memory wandered back to a little

Californian town whose streets he once had scoured in just such boyish celebration. For half the night, gay serenaders wandered to and fro, guitar players for the most part, choristers some of them. Before many a door they halted and played and sang, and sang and played again—sometimes for love, more often for lucre or hope of it. Many enjoyed their wandering minstrelsy; some voted it a bore; a few greeted it with old boots and the garden hose. Day dawned upon a city wide awake. On Fort Street, near Hotel, the “camp antique and horrible” sheltered a fantastic throng. The parade committee had been hard at work. Mr. Henry Hebbard’s big express was roofed and beflagged and festooned and garlanded. Its two handsome roans were driven by a handsome driver. A cane cart, drawn by two brick-red steers, stood hard by. A cavalcade ridden by masquers and improvised Africans was grouped not far away. Two gray horses drew each a jolting go-cart, in each of which sat two cork-blackened darkies, one in male and one in female garb. Outside was gathered a good-naturedly jostling crowd of all the ages, classes and races the city can afford. Law, medicine, art, trade, labor, the fourth estate, stood shoulder to shoulder to see the horrors come forth. They came at last, a too brief band, led by the antique but genial Fehlber, and enlivened by a merry clown in sprightly garb, whose brawny biceps lent vigor to a playful bauble, with which he lustily belabored all who barred his way or served as targets for his uncertain humor. The route was through the principal streets. The performers were as follows: “Spreckelsville Plantation 1908, Grass House Band,” David Moepali, Walter Pomeroy, Thomas Mack, C. J. McCarthy, J. Johnston; “Woman on Horseback,” Paul Voeller; “Funny Boy,” Charlie Herrick; “J. E. Wiseman, Very Patriotic,” E. Darling; “Clown,” J. L. Torbert; “Darkie Dandies,” W. F. Monsarrat, Alex. Robertson; “Other Darkie Dandies,” F. Lucas, Thomas Nott; “More Old Women on Horses,” Bertie Peterson and Tom McGuire; “Goddess of Liberty,” Frank

Curtain; “Small Boy,” Billy Bush; “Master of Horribility,” C. K. Miller; “Aide,” W. C. King; Music, Berger’s Hawaiian Band, 10 strong. At T. J. King’s, on Punchbowl Street, the boys were lemonaded until they couldn’t hold any more.

#### THE DAY.

At dawn the sweet bells gangled—all in tune to the glorious fact that this year’s Saturday was twice blessed—the last day of the work-a-day week and the anniversary of the greatest of national birthdays. The city was not that blazonry of bunting that it ought have been. The down-town section was not half so gay as it should have been. More than one American merchant forgot how much a few inexpensive flags would have livened the line of march, and helped on the bubbling patriotism of the occasion. Nor were the American colors worn by celebrants so much as they ought to have been. The lei-decked natives shamed our Americanism somewhat by the simple beauty of their general adornment; and a few children of Columbia borrowed the custom for the day and did likewise. The dawn was by no means cloudless. From the Pali a few light clouds came ever and anon, breaking their trailing edges into mist as they swept over the city’s foliage. There were a few clouds seaward also; and some folks feared a down-pour. But the clouds curtained the sun-giare, somewhat; and if the day—as a whole—had been made to order it could not have better fitted the occasion. Half the city seemed to be—perhaps a sixteenth of the city in reality was—bound to Kapiolani Park before ten o’clock, A.M. The early birds were in a minority; and so the late coaches were overcrowded. But everybody knew that the transportation committee had worked like beavers; and that Mr. Dodd and his drivers were doing their best to oblige every one; and few complaints were heard. By eleven o’clock the Agricultural show grounds were concoursed; and the exhibition hall was filled to the verge of comfort. Large, airy, well lighted though it was, ’twould have been better if a platform had been

prepared for the speakers and if a sounding partition might have been prepared to assist the voices of the readers and speakers. But what were minor drawbacks when the occasion was the "day we celebrate" and the readers and speakers of the day had been chosen from the flower of Honolulu intellect and character? The American minister made an admirable presiding officer. He has tact and behind it an air of robust manliness that accords well with a fine face and commanding figure. At his right sat the slight and boyish-looking, yet tall and well-knit figure of the orator of the day, Mr. Henry N. Castle, whose thoughtful, scholarly and better than merely eloquent address was an intellectual treat. At the orator's right sat the reader, Mr. W. A. Kinney, whose earnest manner and firm, clear voice accorded well with the force and dignity of the Great Declaration. At the chairman's left sat Mr. M. M. Scott, one of our foremost educators, who introduced the chairman to the audience. At Mr. Scott's left sat Hon. S. B. Dole, chairman of the literary committee. At Mr. Dole's left sat Miss May Dillingham, declaimer of the day, the dainty girlishness of her face and figure enhanced by the exquisite simplicity of her white dress and the red white and blue ribbons that were its sole ornamentation.

#### THE PROGRAMME.

Opening Prayer.....	Rev. J. A. Cruzan
Patriotic Hymn.....	Audience
Introducing Address.....	Minister Resident Merrill
Patriotic Song—Glory Hallelujah.....	Audience
Declaration of Independence.....	W. A. Kinney
Patriotic Medley.....	Hawaiian Band
Speech by Young America .....	Miss May Dillingham
Patriotic Song—Marching Through Georgia..	Audience
Three Impromptu Addresses.....	Three Americans
Patriotic Song—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp..	Girls of Fort-Street School.
Oration.....	Henry N. Castle
	Hawaiian Band.

The above programme was faithfully carried out. Messrs. P. C. Jones, H. E. Avery and S. B. Dole made the brief addresses. That of Mr. Jones was pithy, pungent and humorous; that of Mr. Avery was impassioned; that of Mr. Dole was sonorous and tuned to a chord that

—whenever powerfully struck—makes the hearts of all true Americans in Hawaii beat as one.

#### MINISTER MERRILL'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Nestling in the shadow of these island peaks, gathered around the emblem of my native land to celebrate the anniversary of its birth, I did not anticipate finding so many people bubbling over with enthusiastic acclaim. I trust we will be pardoned if, on this day, we indulge in a little self-laudation, as, with pride, we point to a flag under whose protecting ægis our country has risen from its swaddling clothes to stand in national manhood, the peer of the nations of the earth, almost within the cycle of a century. Yes, while standing in the morning of a second century, meditating upon the eventful periods of a hundred years, contemplating the progress of a nation born amid the throes of slaughter and carnage, and baptized in the life blood of millions of its noblest sons, we naturally gather around the emblematic standard and in unison with our friends upon the opposite shore, who are kneeling

"By the graves where our fathers slumber,  
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,"

and enthusiastically shout our national Te Deums.

Although little more than a hundred summers have beamed upon us since the civilized world was thrilled by that determined declaration of the Fathers, yet, to-day, should the sun stand still in mid-heaven and shed its rays upon the ruins of our republic—yes, let the clattering voice of the time-honored bell which first rang out the glad tidings of independence be to-day tolling the death knell of the nation—then, even then, we could stand upon the ruins and proudly point to a nation whose banner has ever been the evangelist of power, progress and civilization; the heraldic sign of peace on earth and good will to mankind.

Although a few short years have passed since our Fathers listened to the derisive strains of Yankee Doodle at Concord, and



shivered in the wintry frosts at Valley Forge, yet we have lived to see how Britannia and Columbia—imperial mother and majestic daughter!—have joined in teaching the world by example of mutual forbearance and concession, that on questions of deep national import, nations need not, for arbitrament, unsheath their swords, but that justice and reason can make a more permanent peace than monitors, batteries and armed legions. God grant that their example may be the teacher through the centuries.

Under the fostering genius of our institutions we have lived to see the lightning subservient to man's will—to know that old ocean feels a thrill throughout her time-sealed bosom, and yields to man the crown long placed on Neptune's brow; that down in the depths of the sea there lives a breathing thing of life, and though the angered waves in tempestuous wrath forever beat, yet quick as thought, from continent to continent, it is the faithful messenger still. We have taught the lightning to say "Dear Mary, be mine," "Carloads of swine," "One ton of cheese." "She's married Fred," "Joy! it's a boy," "I'm coming to dine."

"The humblest words like angels fly,  
A thousand miles in the flash of an eye."

We have proven that frowning crags, bold peaks, rugged cliffs, the deepest mountain gorges and highest snow-capped summits have no terrors for the iron-clad giants annihilating distance—hurling humanity through space, and bearing from ocean to ocean the commerce of the world.

We think we have a right to point with pride to a country whose warriors so suddenly beat their bayonets into pruning-hooks, their swords into ploughshares, and mingled again in the industrial pursuits of a nation, while we invite, as our guests, the nations of the world to join us in exhibiting their wonders in peaceful rivalry. Though experience has furnished the saddest of lessons, yet we feel and believe that the unity and durability of our republic is settled forever; that the death-dealing monsters of civil strife have been forever spiked,

and sectional discord and dissension securely locked in the sepulcher of time.

We have notified the world that such men as, above the clouds, bathed the fevered brow of Lookout Mountain from the purple fountain of war; those, from the workshops, stores and farms of the north, whose heads and limbs were washed away by the streams of hissing shot and shell on Shiloh; that those from the land of cotton and a sunny clime, who melted like wax under the leaden hail beating into their ranks at Gettysburg, were brilliant headlights on the mighty train thundering along through the years freighted with new ideas and advancing civilization; that they belong to a race whose motto is upward and onward, who, when the bow of peace glimmered through the clouds of civil conflict, could join in scattering the blooming tokens of love, purity and peace alike over the blue and the gray; that:

"They who are bravest when duty is calling  
Are first after peace to be brothers again."

While to-day in my native land the sweet patriotic notes of the Star Spangled Banner echo alike through the palmetto and palms of the South and the rugged hills and beautiful valleys of the North, I feel that our people extend hearty greetings of "God bless you" to all nations, and to you who have come from other climes and other nations, and to you who dwell in the Island Kingdom on these beautiful shores, and honor us with your presence, and sing peans to our flag—yes, to all who have joined here on this sea-girt isle to commemorate our natal day, we extend a cordial and hearty welcome.

I fully believe all will join in toasting the Goddess of America, while I express the hope that on her flag the stars will be multiplied until we can point to it and say with pride:

"Thebes marched her thousands from a hundred gates;  
We march our millions from a hundred states."

MR. JONES' SPEECH.

There is some mistake about my making a speech to-day, for I was appointed on the refreshment committee and was not expecting to be called upon to speak. There are times

when the mind acts quickly, and on coming up here several subjects flashed through my mind. I thought of Plymouth Rock, the corner stone of American liberty; then I thought of that grand old document the Declaration of Independence and of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock; and then of General Warren, Israel Putnam, General Stark and other patriots of the revolution; then of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Valley Forge, each of which is a subject for an oration. But as I am not sufficiently posted in the details for an impromptu speech I do not dare to speak of them—as it generally takes me about four days to arrange an impromptu speech. As I look about me and see all these boys and girls I am tempted to speak to them of my own childhood and tell them how, forty years ago I used to be filled with patriotism as I went on Boston Common and witnessed the old hand fire engines play over the liberty pole and saw Hero 6 “wash” Lafayette 18, and Fremont 8 get “sucked” by Franklin 12; and how I used to go to the booths outside the common, and my patriotism would increase as I filled up with lemonade and spruce beer, ginger pop and pumpkin pie; and at night if I didn’t go to bed with a rousing stomach ache I didn’t think I had had a good time. But this is hardly the occasion to speak of these things and so I am not going to say a word about them. Speaking of forty years ago, Mr. President, reminds me that I am in the same fix as the western orator who was unexpectedly called upon to speak at the laying of the corner stone of a public building. He began something like this: “Forty years ago the place where we now stand was a part and parcel of the howling wilderness”—(great applause and cries of hear, hear, louder, etc.) He repeated the sentence and received faint applause. Again he said, “Forty years ago”—(groans and hisses) “Forty years”—(hisses all over the house.) “Forty”—(cries of put him out, put him out!) He then said very rapidly, at the top of his voice, “Forty years ago the place where we now stand was a part and parcel of the howling wilderness and I wish to gracious it was so now!”

# MR. H. E. AVERY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: One hundred and nine years when regarded as comprising the life of an individual seem to be a very long time. But when considered as comprising a portion of the world's history or as denoting the age of a nation they are in reality but a small link in the chain of centuries and they occupy but a short page in the record of earthly events. One hundred and nine years ago to-day the Provincial Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, which has just been read to you. That was the birthday of the United States of America as a nation. One hundred and nine years ago there were thirteen states in the Union; to-day there are thirty-eight states and ten territories. Then there were three million people in the United States; to-day there are fifty millions, fifty million people and every man a sovereign! History fails to record another instance of such rapid growth, such wondrous advancement. With a soil as fertile as any on the globe, yielding a greater variety of products than any other land, with mines producing richer yields than any on earth, with a government that knows no equal for strength, stability and freedom, offering a home to the oppressed of all nations, guaranteeing equal rights to all men. Is it not pardonable if we Americans should be proud of our country, and if on the anniversary of its independence we should feel a thrill of patriotic passion and indulge in a little patriotic gush? Where else on earth does the sun shine on so glorious a country, so good a government, so great a nation? From where the pines kiss the bleak skies of Maine, to where the palmettos grow green beneath the blue skies of Mississippi, from the shores of the great northern lakes to the coast that is kissed by the waves of Mexico's Gulf, from the nation's metropolis on Manhattan Island, with its million souls, to where San Francisco lies mirrored in her beautiful bay within the Golden Gate, the flag of freedom floats above more than three millions square miles of territory. The three million square miles and the fifty million people that compose the youngest nation on earth—

the youngest nation, yet to-day standing in the front rank of nations. It is the privilege and it should be the pride of every American to give evidence of the love he bears his country by a proper observance of this anniversary. We do love our land, and this sentiment that occupies so sure a stronghold in our hearts, has been one of the elements of our greatness, the principal element of our success, and the means of insuring the perpetuity of our institutions. If our countrymen continue to celebrate so cordially their anniversary, if they always keep fresh and pure within their hearts the affection they feel for their land, our beautiful flag will wave long after we have been gathered to our fathers, and the achievements of our people,

"Sung by poets, penned by sages  
Shall go sounding down the ages."

challenging then, as they do now, the admiration and wonder of the whole world.

#### MR. DOLE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Dole said, in substance : I always envy Mr. Jones on the Fourth of July, because his father or grandfather fought at Bunker Hill. I can, however, boast of something that few native-born Americans have ever done, and which is almost as much as a battle—I've climbed to the top of Bunker Hill monument. I am an American, partly because of my American descent and partly from the way the Fourth of July has been celebrated in this country since I was a boy. New comers cannot easily understand how the Fourth of July has been in the past the great day of the Hawaiian Calendar. This strong American atmosphere has had great influence in molding the civil institutions of the country. The American idea of individual rights has been planted here and has come to stay : it has developed here until it is the national sentiment. For forty years or more the Fourth of July has been enthusiastically celebrated in these islands and from present appearances it is not likely that it will ever cease to be celebrated. This generation has grown up under its influence. There are men who have grown up with me—the children of English parents, who are among the most

enthusiastic Americans here. I saw one of them coming in this direction with his family—his carriage covered with American flags. I see Hawaiians before me celebrating this day ; you have grown up under the influence of American sentiment until its principles are dear to you. As I was driving down this morning, barefoot native boys were streaming along the road to the park with American flags in their hands ; they were not coming here for a saucer of ice cream—they were touched with the enthusiasm of the day. The young men of the country to-day are in earnest and united in the determination that the principles of representative government planted here shall not fail—that the promises of the past shall be fulfilled, and they are not going to run away when any of these principles are threatened. The principles represented by the Fourth of July are contagious, they are spreading over the world, they are here as part of our national life, and we are determined that they shall never die out in this land.

#### SPEECH BY "YOUNG AMERICA."

"A man's a man for a' that ;" so sang the plowman Burns the song of human freedom, first for America and through America for all the world. Our forefathers made of these inspired words a corner stone, and began to build thereon with tears and blood, the fair temple of liberty ; they built gloriously, but could not finish the work because they failed to sing the song as Burns gave it to them, but sang instead : "A *white* man's a man for a' that."

John Brown bore witness with his life at Harper's Ferry to the eternal truth, that in the wide domain of liberty there is no color line of manhood. When, on his way to the scaffold guarded by soldiers and manacled with chains, he stooped and kissed a negro babe, held up to him by its mother, it seemed a pitiful ending of all the glorious things he had hoped to accomplish for the race.

"Yet that scaffold swayed the future and, behind the dim unknown,

There was God within the shadow keeping watch  
above his own."



The nation looked coldly on this sacrifice, and it seemed for a time that it was all in vain ; but soon the storm of war swept through the land and by its lessons of infinite pain and loss showed the nation how to complete the temple of liberty and sing the song of freedom as it should be sung ; and wherever the armies of the North followed the stars and stripes in this glorious crusade against wrong, they marched and fought with John Brown's name for their battle cry. To-day the re-united nation joins hands under one stainless flag to celebrate the great day of the Republic. To-day, if he lives, the negro babe that John Brown kissed as he went forth to die, is an American citizen. Together the North and the South push forward the wonderful progress of America. The nation with one heart proudly commemorates the dead soldiers—those who fought in blue uniforms, and in gray as well—and in recounting their knightly deeds—the great deeds which shall live forever. Henceforth to be an American is to be the peer of all aristocrats and kings. The America of the future will lead the nations, not because of numbers, but because every man in all her borders—*will be a man !*

#### THE ORATION.

A day has again arrived of peculiar significance to every man of American birth. It commemorates an achievement whose interest is not confined to a single continent or hemisphere, nor to any single nationality or order of men, but is co-extensive with the planet and the race. The fourth of July marks a moment in human progress, and its celebration cannot be indifferent to any disinterested lover of his kind. It offers us the opportunity to look before and after, to forecast the future by the light of the past. One hundred and nine years ago to-day a body of men were gathered in old Independence Hall at Philadelphia. They were inconspicuous then. The eyes of the nations were not upon them. But their deeds have passed into history now, and their leaders shine as stars in its firmament forever. They met to assert a truth forever old and

new, little understood then as now, equality of human right, the liberty belonging to them by a title older than all precedent, constitutions or prerogative, based upon human nature itself, and as permanent as that foundation. They met to declare the independence of the thirteen colonies, and on that new independence to found a new state. Who can forget the names of Adams and Franklin and Jefferson and Washington ? Whose heart does not beat with the recollection of their service to mankind ?

A century has rolled away since the Declaration of Independence passed into history, and the nation which our fathers founded still exists. Problems have arisen which they did not solve, facts and forces have sprung into being which they did not contemplate. The nation of 3,000,000 has grown to 60,000,000. The little colonies now cover half a continent and have stretched from sea to sea. In population, in territory, in wealth, in material resource, in commerce, manufactures and the arts, we have made a progress of which our ancestors never dreamed. The nation has become great at a single stride, has leaped full armed into life, like Athena from the head of Jove. By fertility of invention, by material resource, by triumph over nature and happy combination, the secrets of matter have been wrested from its grasp and made to bend to the thousand uses of man. Dazzled by the unrivalled splendor of these material triumphs, we are led to exclaim : "What were we, and now what are we not ?" and to turn a "broad back to the glory of the stars." But it is not in triumphs like these that the true glory of a nation consists. It is not in these that the American Republic can ever find her sovereign excuse for being. It is upon no material achievement that her sons must rest for her justification in the court of the nations. It was not for any such that they have fought and died. America's truest claims to glory must be sought in another sphere. It is in the moral and political world that her most enduring victories have been won. Here, if anywhere, she has been a torch to the nations. And it is upon these aspects of our national life

that I propose to dwell, and not upon the more dazzling but adventitious and perishing triumphs of yesterday. Seventy years ago our material prosperity did not exist. But the true golden age of American history had been lived, and American Liberty had risen like Venus from the sea.

I propose to inquire, as briefly as possible, what are the ideas illustrated by American history and embodied in American life? What has been our service to the general cause of progress? How have we carried forward the torch of civilization? In what lessons have we instructed the nations?

The first great idea illustrated by American history is the equality of human right. Every artificial distinction raised by social position, by rank, by wealth, by fortune or any merely extrinsic advantage has been leveled by the spirit of American democracy "A man's a man for a that," heresy in England, is breathed in the very words of the Declaration. The conception of the absolute equality of right of all men before law, both human and divine, has been substantially realized under American institutions. Distinctions between men there certainly are. But they are intrinsic, personal, based upon the intellectual and moral qualities of the individual. In spite of toadyism, of the spirit of subservience, of our mushroom aristocracy of wealth, these are the distinctions which prevail in the United States. To what station is not personal merit the passport? That merit does not take its slight from the unworthy in vain!

The oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely, have there their ample compensations. There is no honor in the gift of the nation, which a legitimate ambition may not propose to itself. It is the proper subject of national pride, that in America the career of a Garfield or Lincoln, is not merely possible but probable. Such life records may find their parallels under other skies, but there they are anomalous—with us they are logical deductions from our national conceptions—with us they flow with inevitable consequence from the laws of our national life. What other nation can

point with so just a pride to so many illustrious men, raised by their own efforts from obscurity, and adding lustre to the church, the bench, the bar, the halls of legislation, and every honorable vocation and station in life. And in spite of our supposititious fondness for a title, and our kneeling before a lord, it is not these, it is not rank or birth or fortune, but some "divinely gifted man," who has conquered every difficulty and overlived disappointment, who has made the choice of Hercules, rejecting ease and comfort and the allurements of pleasure, choosing rather the thorny path of a great and public spirited ambition, whom the American people delight to honor. And when such a man has attained the recognition which his merits demand, there is no position within the gift of the people which he does not command—and the nation waits upon his words. This is the only pride of birth that is characteristically American—the noble satisfaction in an origin whose obscurity, personal merit, and personal merit alone, has rendered illustrious. The Englishman delights to trace his long line of ancestry back unbroken through stormy centuries. And that is a fine pride too. It strikes the imagination and fills the thought. Americans love to point to the canal boat of Garfield, the log cabins of Lincoln and of Grant. And that is the highest pride of all, for it is pride in the triumph of mind over matter, of intellect and energy and stern moral fibre over the force of circumstances however unpropitious or adverse. The heroes of American history are men who shine conspicuous in the moral world, who satisfy the national conscience. For in spite of political corruption, which shocks the public moral sense, and which is consequently doomed, the application of ethical principle to national life is a predominant American characteristic. What nation was founded as the American nation was founded? The authors of French and German nationality were savages. The father of English liberty were pirates. But our fathers sailed away to found a state across a stormy sea, with the glorious traditions of English liberty behind them, with the Anglo Saxon courage and fire in

their hearts. But they brought with them more than the traditions of English liberty. They brought the sternness of conscience, the inflexible devotion to principle of religious enthusiasts. They brought with them the ideas, drunk in from the words and writings of Tyndale, and Huss, and Luther, and Calvin and Knox. They were enlisted in a cause consecrated by the blood of a thousand martyrs, for which they too had already braved imprisonment, and for which they were ready further to brave all the terrors of an unknown and stormy ocean, all the uncertainties and hardships of a desolate country, yea, death itself. They were ready to sacrifice home and comfort and friends, yes, the sweetness of love itself, and all that the heart holds most precious and most dear, in stern and unselfish devotion to a supreme idea, preferring every sacrifice to the sacrifice of a principle. Do you think that they were all conscience that they had no homes to leave, no tender emotions to sacrifice, no heart strings to be wrung by the last farewells of an eternal parting? But they looked for a better reward. Their eyes were fixed upon the celestial glories of the heavenly city, and they held of none account their allegiance to an earthly, in comparison with their duty to an Heavenly King.

Fellow citizens, I need indulge in no eulogy of the Puritans here. They are above all eulogy. It has become the fashion to undervalue their life and their work. It is easy to call them bigots, enthusiasts and fanatics. They were all this, but they were more, for they were capable of, and they achieved the highest things. Whatever is best and most worthy in our thought and life is due to their influence. To them we owe it that American standpoints are moral standpoints; that American conceptions are moral conceptions. From them are derived the universal lights of the church and the school. The finest elements of Puritanism have leavened our national life, and in turning to the past to survey the origin and course of our national greatness, it is fitting that we should gratefully acknowledge the whole extent of our obligations to the Pilgrim Fathers.

The hundred years of American history illustrate the new truth that the genuine glory of a nation consists not in military achievement, in the extension of territory by force of arms. No dream of military glory has cheated the American imagination.

"Farewell

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

For there are other triumphs higher, more abiding, more precious, than these. While other nations have been locked in deadly embrace, we have been devoted to the arts and pursuits of peace.

The note of war has occasionally been heard upon our borders, but it has not stirred the serene atmosphere of the Great Republic. Sounding faintly a moment, it has floated away into an indescribable distance and been lost without breaking the course of the thousand industries which make for the happiness and improvement of mankind. Virtually without an army, without a navy, without fortifications and munitions of war, the great unarmed Republic is respected on every sea and under every sky, wherever the pervasive influences of civilization have penetrated. And so America stands like the great statue so soon to be erected in New York harbor, uplifting a torch to the eyes of waking nations, and preaching the gospel of peace. Where else in the world could a Sumner have delivered his magnificent eulogy on the arts and industries of peace. In the light of the American idea, in comparison with the American conflict, how vain, how criminal seem the wars which have devastated the century. What justification shall we offer for Austertitz and Solferino and Sedan? What answer shall we make to the articulate wail of anguish which rose from the homes of Europe over the 50,000 dead of Waterloo? How different from these our own dreadful struggle, in which patriotism and honor and duty were alike enlisted,—its supreme justification, a *nation*, risen from its ashes, and the vindicated manhood of four million slaves.



I do not pretend that the American national life is the proper subject of unmixed satisfaction. The Americans as a nation have many palpable limitations arising from the peculiar difficulties of their situation. We may as well plead guilty to a certain hard bias toward the material fact, a reduction of values to vulgar and utilitarian standards, a certain insensibility to the finer issues—the spiritual sides of life. There is a deplorable absence of speculative idea in American thought, an unfortunate inactivity of the higher reason, the creative imagination, a lack of interest in the higher education. We are a people without a national taste, with no national art, deficient in aesthetic motive, in the finest perception, in sense of the values of culture. There is no grace and beauty and bloom in our national life. The fragrance of culture does not hang around it. The hard angles of Puritanism are not yet softened into lines of beauty. This must be the work of time. The American people have been too busy for the development of taste, in the struggle with nature, in the triumph over material obstacles, in hewing out a national civilization like a statue from the marble. But the beauty is coming. American culture—a true century plant—has already blossomed in New England, and the nation is not the proper object of a sneer which among the names adorning the age can claim many of the proudest as her own; in philosophy, an Edwards; in poetry and criticism, a Lowell; in imaginative fiction, a Hawthorne; in general literature, an Emerson; in oratory, a Webster.

It remains to consider the chief and final service which America has rendered to the general cause of human progress—a service which gives to this memorable day the major part of its significance, and upon which the nation's greatest claim to future honor must be founded. I need not say that I refer to the services rendered by the United States of America to the cause of political liberty—no new theme, but one of perennial interest and importance, a right understanding of which may contribute much to the permanency of those institutions which depend for their existence

upon it, and which are indissolubly connected with the interests of every American citizen. The doctrine of human rights had never been so well understood as by the band of patriots who headed the new movement in the new world. They stood a century in advance of their time. Everything of value in the English constitution as it existed in 1776, all that was useful or true in the French Revolution of 1789, was involved in that Declaration of Independence which we are here to commemorate and incorporated in that constitution whose beneficent influences we still enjoy. Our Fathers achieved liberty without license instead of, as in France, license without liberty. They recognized on the one hand the abstract principles of right which the English constitution ignored, and respected on the other the established concrete right which the French Revolution wildly destroyed. They combined and harmoniously combined the sturdiest elements of English conservatism with the broadest principles of French theorists. They applied principles with a sober regard to existing fact, and limited the deductions of the speculative reason by inferences drawn from practical experience. They were statesmen as well as philosophers, men of affairs as well as theorists, at once radicals and conservatives. To the old fashioned clinging to antiquated forms and customs, which emasculated the fine genius of Burke, they opposed the breadth, the wisdom, the radical views of Hamilton. To the frenzied enthusiasm of the Jacobin clubs, they contrasted the practical sense and enlightened conservatism of Franklin and Washington. Liberty was never more finely achieved, never with more patience, more moderation, more freedom from excess. They destroyed to create, they pulled down to build again on broader foundations. And every American must echo the prophecy that the glorious fabric of American Liberty, which our fathers conceived in wisdom, erected with patience, and finally consecrated with their blood, and which now lifts in finished perfectness its sun-kissed spires to heaven, shall still endure, still stand in morning and in evening light and under the

shining constellations, until the star of civilization shall have set beneath the Pacific and the sceptre shall have passed away forever from the Anglo-Saxon race.

It was in the application of liberty that the American triumph consisted. Liberty itself was no new thing. The Arabs had it, flashing across their boundless deserts from horizon to horizon. The Chaldean shepherds, watching the silent stars from the plain, the rising and setting of the slow constellations, had tasted its wild freedom. It had a splendid dawn in the fierce Athenian democracy twenty centuries before its benignant beams shone upon the New World. It set again, in stormy eclipse, to rise anew "upon some fairer shore," and shed the uncertain light of a planet upon savages in the depths of German forests, upon pirates scouring the North Sea. Again in the lapse of centuries it shone with a bright, fierce transient splendor on the Italian Republics, the snows of Switzerland, the dikes of Holland, until finally in our own old England like the star of Bethlehem it settled, and became the glory of the morning and the evening sky. It has an inextinguishable being in human hearts, and never has suffered total eclipse. But in 1776 it came with the redoubled brightness of "another morn risen on mid-noon," and it remained for the American people to demonstrate in labor and blood and tears, that "government, of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And how has this liberty been purchased? Dearly bought with blood and devotion and costly sacrifice. Everything that the individual holds most dear, home and friends and opportunity and life itself, has been freely given, the private yielding to the larger need, the individual to the richer opportunity—all, all has been devoted for love of country and principle and "honor that never shall die." The sacrifice of 300,000 lives has made American liberty a sacred thing, no mere name, rhodomontade, bluster or boast, but indescribably precious to every true American heart. And as we of the younger generation hear from older lips the story of the war, its sacrifices, its hardships,

its devotion, of the heat and struggle, the battle, of the long watchings by silent camp-fires, of the bivouac under the open heavens; as we hear of the weariness of forced marchings, of the torture of wounds, of cold, hunger and thirst, and worse than all of separation from friends, of imprisonment, suffering and death, all cheerfully borne for the nation's cause, our pulses will beat, our bosoms burn, as we catch the echo of that immortal strife; and our hearts will invest with a new meaning those old, old words: "It is a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's country."

We, who live in these happy islands, breathe another air than that which supported our fathers. The dome which bends above us, serenely flushed with morning and evening lights, is not the inhospitable sky which frowned upon the Pilgrim Fathers. This smiling sea—in which Hawaii-nei floats like an opal—is far different from that stormy ocean upon which the cradle of Anglo-Saxon liberty was rocked. The face of nature is changed. She shows us a smiling visage, and the physical difficulties with which other generations contended, confront us no more. Yet we who travel across the sea change our skies, not our moral relations. The glorious traditions of American history are ours. Deep in our hearts are engraved the lessons of the past. American liberty, a dearly bought heritage, has come to us to be again transmitted by us as the most precious boon to posterity. It brings its responsibilities, its duties its burdens. A thousand voices from the past adjure us to be faithful to the trust. The dead lips of Adams and Jefferson and Washington and Hamilton, of Clay and Webster and Sumner and Phillips and Lincoln, the

"Dead and sceptered sovereigns  
Who still rule our spirits from their urns."

speak from the grave and warn us not to be recreant.

Let us give heed to their warning, accept the sacred trust, assume its responsibilities and rise to its precious privileges. And as we reflect upon those privileges, upon our glorious history, and pass in review the long array of

statesmen and orators and martyrs who have added glory and lustre to our annals, shall there not be an answering glow in every American bosom, an eager thirst ourselves to do something worthy of the glorious past, and will there not rise from every heart to every lip the echo of those words— "*Thank God that I, I also, am an American!*"?

#### BASE BALL.

At the Makiki Ground in the morning the Honolulu beat the Pacifics, 18 to 5. In the afternoon the Oceanics defeated the Married Men, 17 to 6.

#### THE RACES.

In the races at Kapiolani Park, Hancock won the half mile dash in 51 seconds: Mr. Cecil Brown's horse O. H. won the mile dash, Stranger coming in alone, as Lady Hooker broke her shoulder near the half-mile pole and fell on the track; the mile dash for the Fourth of July Cup was won by Rositer in 1.48; and the two-mile dash, for the Kalakaua Purse, was won by Langford, Jr., in 3.49.

#### ON THE OTHER ISLANDS.

On Kauai the Fourth of July was duly observed. At Kapaa there were races during the day; at Kealia there were fireworks in the evening; the latter being followed by a private patriotic musicale in the parlors of Colonel Spalding, at which Miss Bertha Von Holt sang The Star Spangled Banner.

At Kahului, Spreckelsville, Hana, Lahaina and Wailuku, Maui, many Americans celebrated.

At Hilo, Hon. D. H. Hitchcock delivered an oration. At Kohala, Honokaa and Waiohinu there were quiet American demonstrations.

#### ON BOARD THE ALAMEDA.

By the Conjectural Telephone Line, from Station B, in latitude 30° north and longitude 140° west of Paris, we have received the following succinct account of how the day was celebrated on board the Alameda. At sunrise the full national salute was fired under the direction of First Officer Dowdell. Chief

Engineer Little followed with the federal salute, played on the engine's whistle. By kind permission of Agent Irwin, who telephoned orders to station A. on Thursday last, the ship was dressed from stem to stern in bunting of various nationalities, the stars and stripes having of course the prominent positions, with the Hawaiian, British, French, German, Portuguese and Japanese flags well displayed. At 10 A. M. the musical and literary exercises were begun. Hon. George Norton Wilcox of Kauai was president of the day. Purser Sutton was secretary and executive officer of the arrangements. The exercises were opened with the piano-forte overture, *America*, played by Mrs. Hanford. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. C. Merritt. Brief introductory remarks were made by the president of the day, followed by other brief remarks felicitously expressed by Mr. M. S. Grinbaum. Mr. Turner then sang *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, in his best style. Rev. Fred T. Rouse read the Declaration of Independence. Miss Annis Montague—whose appearance was greeted with prolonged applause—sang *Hail Columbia*, with thrilling effect. The poet of the day, Mr. E. C. Sanford, read some fine lines, melodiously voicing the sentiment

"We're homeward bound—"

Miss Montague and Mr. Turner, accompanied by Mrs. Hanford, then sang *America*. The president then introduced Hon. D. A. McKinley, a distinguished ex-American, whose glowing tribute to the land of his birth and the land of his adoption—*America and Hawaii*—was received with tumultuous applause, closing the exercises. Captain Morse provided a sumptuous dinner, at which the handsome, gallant and patriotic skipper replied to the toast "*The Ship of State, may it never lose its rudder or burst its jib!*"; afterwards proposing the toast, "*The ladies.*" Many of the ladies wore patriotic colors. The only baby on board, a little Kanaka-American, was decorated with a last year's badge, and was accorded the privilege of kissing all the pretty girls on board.

## MERITED PRAISE.

Despite a few hitches and minor drawbacks the proceedings from first to last were well conceived and heartily and faithfully carried out. Secretary Wiseman worked like a beaver as he always does and in providing the "sinews of war," harmonizing existing differences and spurring on laggard workers was a host in himself. Mr. C. K. Miller's work in gathering and disciplining the forces of the antique and horrible parade was invaluable. Mr. James L. Torbert's impersonation of the "clown," and Mr. Frank Curtain as the "Goddess of Liberty" deserved all the praise received. Great credit is due Mr. B. F. Dillingham for the masterly manner in which he succeeded in getting so many people to and from the park. Mr. P. C. Jones worked hard

and to good purpose on the refreshment committee. All the committees—each as a whole—worked hard and well; and of those who shirked, nothing need be said here—hoping they will reform during the year.

It is worth noting that Secretary Wiseman sent invitations to the exercises to President Cleveland and to each of his cabinet. He also left a number of directed invitations with Purser Sutton of the Alameda, one to be placed on the plate of each cabin passenger on the morning of the Fourth.

## THE CLOSE.

In the evening many citizens celebrated by displays of fireworks.

The Union forever! May this example to this nation mean great things for Hawaii's future!

## MINOR POINTS.

The day generally was observed as a public holiday, places of business and the Government offices being closed. The shipping in the harbor, and the city itself, was gay with bunting, chief among which was the American flag in all sizes and places.

In the afternoon the American Minister received those who wished to pay their respects to the representative of our nearest and greatest neighbor. The hours designated, from 3 to 5 p. m., were extended to 10 p. m., during which time Mr. and Mrs. Merrill received all who came cordially and hospitably.















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